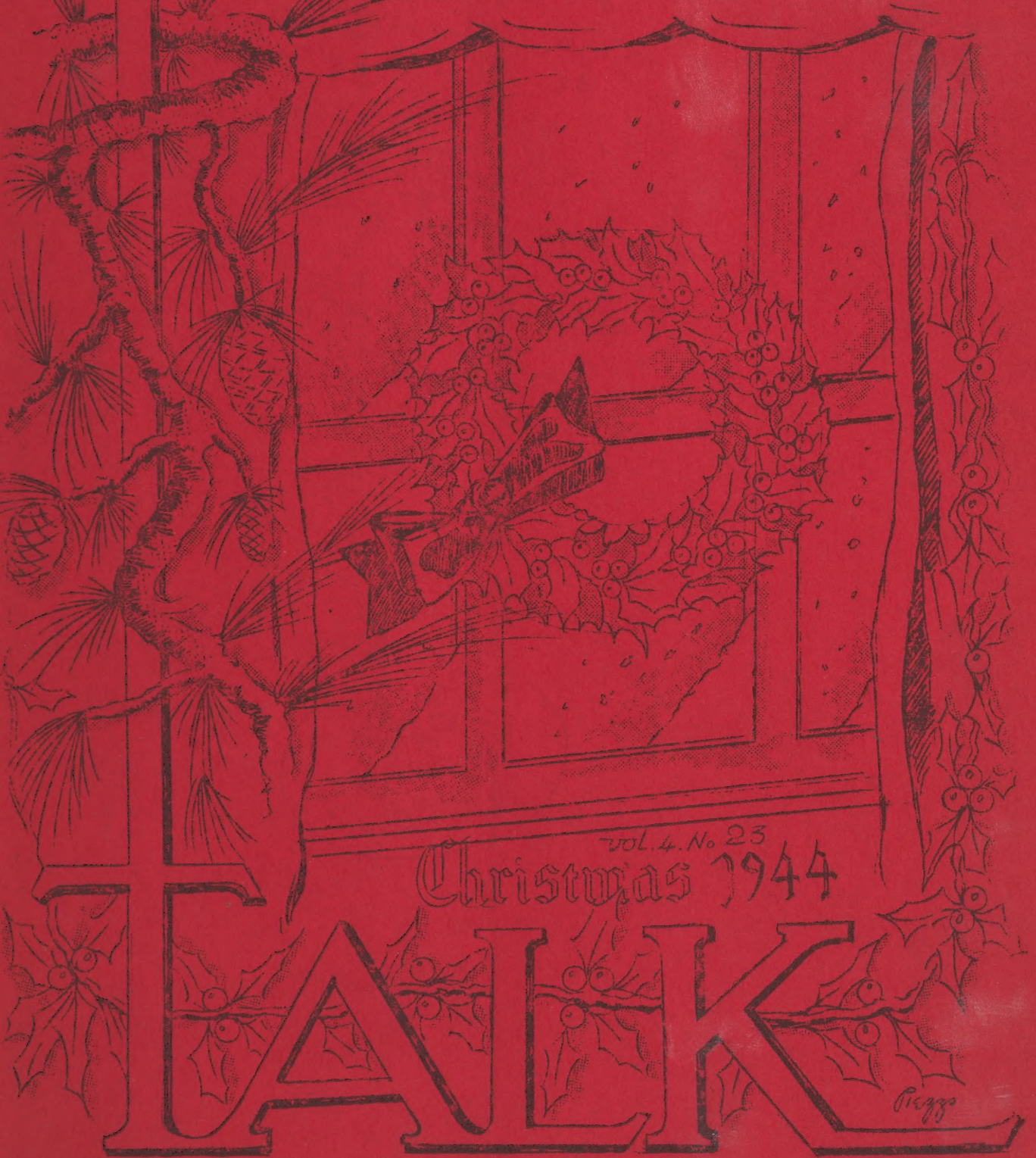


TILTON



Greetings

From LT. COL. HAROLD V. FITZGERALD, Director of Supply:

"The personnel engaged in supply and utilities activities extend to all members of Tilton and their families sincere wishes for a Happy Christmas. We are proud to have had a part in the superior record Tilton has made in the past year, and deeply appreciate the splendid cooperation given us by the various departments."

From LT. COL. ROBERT R. LAYTON, Jr., Chief of the Surgical Service:

"As a relatively new member of the Tilton GH staff, I have been impressed with the pleasant influences that Tilton Talk has had on officers, enlisted personnel and patients.

I am pleased and happy to take this opportunity of extending congratulations to the editor of Tilton Talk and to express the best wishes of the season to the officers, enlisted personnel and patients on the Surgical Service."

From LT. COL. THOMAS P. WHITE, Chief of the Medical Service:

"This Christmas Season is indeed one of real hope for peace and good will to all men. With the warmest personal feelings, I want to thank the entire staff, Nursing Corps and the enlisted men and civilian personnel for your loyal support and help at all times. Through your combined efforts it has been possible to give magnificent aid to those who are sick and suffering and who so richly deserve help.

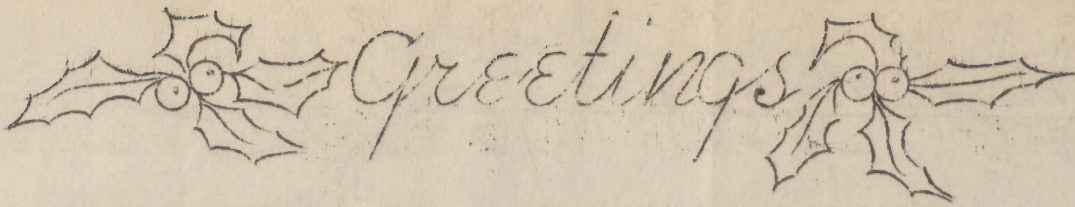
To the officer and enlisted patients, I want to thank you for your cooperation and patience and wish for you a speedy recovery to health.

To all of you, a Happy Christmas and a New Year rich with all its blessings."

From 1st LT. EDGAR A. HOWARD, Adjutant:

"Another year has passed with many old familiar faces replaced by new ones. To those who have gone and may now be far away, and to all now at Tilton, I extend my best wishes for a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR."

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From MAJOR DOROTHY K. MILLER, Principal Chief Nurse:

"Good Will toward men," is part of the Christmas Message handed down through generations. Each of us is striving, in our small way, to again complete the Message, "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward men."

The Army Nurse Corps, at this Post, takes this opportunity to send Holiday Greetings to the Enlisted Personnel and all the Officers for their cooperation in the Year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-four, and with a Prayer that the New Year will bring the World "Peace on Earth."

From CAPTAIN BETTE ALTER, Commanding Officer, WAC Detachment:

"On behalf of the three WAC Detachments now serving at Tilton General Hospital, may I extend the Season's Greetings, with the heartfelt wish that before another Christmas rolls around, the world may again know the blessings of Peace."

From CAPTAIN CECIL E. MILLER, Executive Officer:

"Christmas Season has always been the most joyful season of the year to me. I am particularly appreciative of the help and cooperation afforded the Office of the Executive Officer by all the personnel, and heartily wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

From CAPTAIN ROBERT M. CUSHING, Special Service Officer:

"Season's greetings and a very Happy New Year to all military and civilian personnel of Tilton General Hospital."

From LT. OSCAR WEXLER, Commanding Officer, Detachment of Patients:

"On behalf of the personnel of the Registrar's Office and Detachment of Patients, I would like to extend the Season's Greetings to the Commanding Officer, the Staff and the Patients of Tilton General Hospital. Here's to a speedy recovery of all our patients, and a glorious victory over our enemies."

CHAPLAIN'S PAGE

By CHAPLAIN CHARLES H. DEVER

Again we come to the season when we think of the Little Child born in a manger in Bethlehem. Will you go with me to this little town as we move in the lanes of memory?

A child is always the dominant factor in the Christmas Season. It is so difficult for us who are older to think in terms of our childhood - as far as Christmas is concerned - but I want you literally to say to yourselves:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Many of the great religions of the world have had adult leaders as their center of thought, but we find in this little Child of Bethlehem all the hopes and ambitions of a freedom loving people. As we look upon this Bethlehem scene we hear the Child saying to us:

"If you would understand how to live, and how to be powerful and strong, you must think in terms of a little child, for only as you become like little children will you become humble, sincere, innocent and naive in the things that you do; and this attitude of mind will cause you to accomplish greater and more far-reaching results."

Let us today go even now into Bethlehem and see this Child that has been - and Praise God - will become again the ruler of the world.

HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM

"How far is it to Bethlehem town?"
Just over Jerusalem hills adown;
Past lovely Rachel's white-domed tomb -
Sweet shrine of motherhood's young doom.

It isn't far to Bethlehem town -
Just over the dusty roads adown,
Past Wise Men's well, still offering
Cool draughts from welcome wayside spring;
Past shepherds with their flutes of reed
That charm the woolly sheep they lead;
Past boys with kites on hilltops flying,
And soon you're there where Bethlehem's lying.
Sunned white and sweet on olived slopes,
Gold-lighted still with Judah's hopes.

And so we find the Shepherd's field
And plain that gave rich Boaz yield;
And look where Herod's villa stood.
We thrill that earthly parenthood
Could foster Christ who was all-good;
And thrill that Bethlehem town today
Looks down on Christian homes that pray.

(cont. on next page)

It isn't far to Bethlehem town!
It's anywhere that Christ comes down
And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.
The road to Bethlehem runs right through
The homes of folks like me and you.

—MADELEINE STEENY MILLER

WAC BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

1262 vs. Tilton-3)
1245 vs. Tilton-1) 5 December and 23 January
Tilton-2 vs. Bye)

1262 vs. Tilton-1)
Tilton-3 vs. Bye) 12 December and 30 January
1245 vs. Tilton-2)

1262 vs. Bye)
Tilton-1 vs. Tilton-2) 19 December and 6 February
Tilton-3 vs. 1245)

1262 vs. Tilton-2)
1245 vs. Bye) 9 January and 13 February
Tilton-1 vs. Tilton-3)

1262 vs. 1245 (1 game played 28 November)
Tilton-2 vs. Tilton-3) 16 January and 20 February
Tilton-1 vs. Bye)

The WAC Basketball League of Fort Dix will practice and play every Tuesday night in the Sports Arena. The Arena is open from 1830 on for the exclusive use of WACs. Each detachment team is responsible for furnishing a referee, a scorekeeper and a timekeeper.

Personal guests of the teams are welcome to attend the games, but will not be admitted to the Arena until 1900 hours. The Arena will not be open to the public.

Each detachment team has selected three members to represent that detachment on the Fort Dix Post Team.

Tec 5 Marie Ives, Tec 5 Annabelle Graff, and Tec 4 June Lottridge have been chosen as Detachment #1 representatives on the Fort Dix Post team. The girls have been fitted with bright red uniforms, and in the words of Margie Rihn, "They're really flashy!" Let's all turn out for games and support our team!!

GREETINGS

From CHAPLAIN LOUIS B. KINES:

"The important thing about Christmas is that we do not miss its true meaning. Christ our Lord became a man, "Like unto us in all things except sin," through obedience to His Father's Will. Obedience is the law of all creation—when we disobey, we pay in blood and tears and death. Christmas teaches us that we are God's children because God became a child in order to become a man. God be with you merry gentlemen and gentlewomen. May His love guard and guide you always."

From MAJOR GEORGE V. IRONS, Chief, Reconditioning Service:

"For the approaching Holiday Season the Reconditioning staff expresses the heartiest best wishes for Health, Happiness and Success for the hospital staff, all patients, and the enlisted personnel of the Medical Detachment. Amid the anxiety and tragedy of this fourth war Christmas, there is yet much over which to rejoice and be grateful. Let us count these blessings, thank God for them, and lift up our hearts. Reconditioning expresses its deep gratitude to all for the splendid support and cooperation that has been given this service, and without which it would have been impossible to carry on. Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and in the New Year.

Get goin', Fella!"

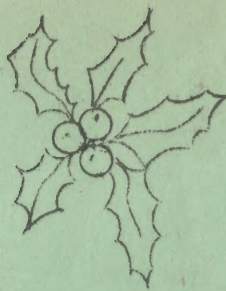
From CAPTAIN ROBERT E. STACEY, Hospital Inspector:

"To me the Christmas season is the jolliest season of the year. The Hospital Inspector takes this opportunity to thank the personnel of this hospital for their cooperation during the past year, and wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

From LT. ALMA L. SIMS, Commanding Officer, WAC Detachment 2

"May the magic of Christmas creep into the heart of everyone during the Yuletide season, with all the cheer and joy it can give. May the whole world seem brighter and life a lot sweeter to live this coming year."

M E R R Y C H R I S T M A S A N D A H A P P Y N E W Y E A R



RECONDITIONING

ART CLASSES

Mr. Borris Blai of the Tyler School of Fine Arts, Temple University, conducted the second of his art classes at the Annex on Wednesday, 13 December 1944, with even greater success than the first. If patient interest continues to increase in the same proportion, greater space will have to be allocated to this activity. Mr. Blai and four of his senior students instructed courses in sketching, painting, model ceramics and wood carving with much interest being shown in each phase.

The Reconditioning Service hopes to persuade Mr. Blai to increase the weekly classes to three times a week instead of only once a week.

Mr. Blai is opposed to the idea which many people have that in-born talent or previous experience in artistic endeavor is necessary before a man can enjoy these classes. His theory is that regardless of how much or how little has been done in the past, great benefit and enjoyment can be obtained from participation in one or more of these artistic activities.

EDUCATIONAL RECONDITIONING

Through the cooperation of the War Activity Committee of the Philadelphia-Camden Newspaper Guild, a team of three lecturers has been appearing before the patients in the Tilton General Hospital every other Tuesday. The team for Tuesday, 12 December 1944, consisted of the following: Mr. Richard Thornburg, Assistant Managing Editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, Mr. Charles Hallowell, Regional Director of the Agriculture Extension Service, Penn. State College, and Mr. Harry Blitman, Reporter, Philadelphia Record, National Amateur Flyweight Champion, 1926, lightweight contender, 1928-1931, and 14 months with Gene Tunney, Physical Fitness Program, U.S. Navy. Mr. Hallowell was accompanied by Mr. James Conway who assisted in the showing of colored pictures.

The program for 26 December 1944 will consist of three skits of three girls each from the Germantown Theatre Guild.

The patients have expressed their desire for a program of this nature. Therefore plans call for the continuance of the present program and for the addition of outside speakers whenever possible.

Experience teaches us that in life's walk
'Tis better to let others talk,
And listen - - - - as they say instead,
The foolish things we might have said.

Murray Van Steckman

Tribute to Our Fighting Men

A MESSAGE FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

To our men on the far-flung battlefronts of the world, who are fighting to glorious victory, we, who wore the uniform in 1918, send our expressions of everlasting gratitude, deepest affection, utmost respect.

.....
We have known most of what you have felt and much of what you have done.

...
In mind and in spirit we were with you when you walked through the midst of self-distrust and doubt and loneliness and fear, into the Valley of Death.

.....
We longed to give you the touch of a hand when you were groping for human companionship and understanding and support.

" ..
We felt with you the lift which comes from united effort, the great upsurge and confidence which springs from the swing of concerted forward motion, in step with trusted companions.

.....
We shared your brief moment of dedication when you determined that you were willing to lay down your lives that victory might be won and that our way of life might survive.

.....
We burned with your glow of exaltation when you swept forward with shining spirit toward your goal.

.....
Men of the fighting forces, whether living or dead, you have been touched by something divine.

.....
We of World War I have been called the lost generation of the Roaring Twenties. We belied that charge when we sired such men as you. For you are men—men of courage and determination, men of daring and accomplishment, men of spirit and sacrifice.

.....
To you we shall ever be grateful.

.....
Of you we shall ever be proud.

.....
Sons, you have what it takes!

.....
We give to you this solemn pledge:
As long as we may live we shall
stand fast to the things for which
all of you have fought and some of
you have died.

(The above resolution was unanimously adopted at the national convention of The American Legion in September, 1944.)



QUACK QUACK

Another year has spent its course and once again we pause to celebrate another Christmas at Tilton. It's hard to find any of the old gang around to help trim the Christmas tree, but as Marty Healy hangs the tinsel this year (yep, he's still at it), we'll be thinkin' of all of you wherever you may be - of Jack Shultz still dreaming of "a white Christmas" on his Pacific isle.... of Marty Weitz and "Pap" Dunlap rolling out ye old Yule Log in jolly old England.... of Isabel Murtha and Johnny Johnson celebrating in France with "the wine of the country".... of Todd DeVan singing Christmas carols on the banks of the Rhine.... of Bill Hayward in the mire of Italy.... of Pat Fay still putting mistletoe on those pyramids.... of Ethel Klobusciky sweating it out in India... of Bill Joule freezing in Newfoundland.... of Charlie Sanner and Sy Katz skiing in Washington State.... of Bud Turnbull spending his first Christmas away from home on foreign service in Barksley, Texas, with Messey for company.... and all the other lads and gals of the Tilton Alumnae. To add joy to our Christmas Season we have two of the old gang back to spend the holidays with us, - Hal Hermann and Ed Hanna, and to them we drink a toast for all of you - "Merry Christmas to you one and all, and God Bless you."

Just to prove that Jack Messey is still a Philadelphia cowboy at heart, here's a little sample I picked up hot from Texas. It seems that Hal Hermann and Jackson were supping in one of the better Texas saloons and, instead of indulging in dessert, they chose to indulge in some light patter with two Texas cuties. Finally one of the gals got to her feet, put on her ten gallon hat, and shouted in good old Texas style, "Yippee, gotta get home and in the saddle." Messey, thinking to make an impression, asked of said lady cowboy, "How many cows you got on your farm?" Boy, did he make an impression!

Jack Cassity is sporting a broken pinkie finger these days - result of trying to comply with the new schedule set up for Officers Exercise. That little fellow Ackerman was on the throwing end of the ball.

Penny Henon celebrated her second year at Tilton and in this world on the 12th. She really resembles a Penny from Heaven. Little Heather is progressing nicely and expects to join her family in Pemberton very shortly now.

Colonel White took our Colonel over in a quiet pool game the other evening. It's very easy to see where you spent your interne days, Colonel White!

Back from the Wars to Tilton where they started out are two ex-Pool

Officers, Ralph Zimet and John Maroney. Both are sporting gold leaves, and Maroney has an added attraction - a red moustache, yet. It's good to have you back, fellows.

* * * * *

The Monthly Staff Dinner was a bang-up affair this time. Helping to make it a super affair were Hal Hermann and his lovely wife, Stella, both of whom looked right to home at the head table. Al Miller m.c.'d, and the entertainment was ably taken care of by Nat Brusileff of radio fame. Can he make a violin talk. His other claim to fame and not the least one by any means is that he is Ila Miller's brother. Winnie Fitzgerald sang a song. Your voice gets better every day, Win, and Fitzie did not get to make a speech. Everyone had a time for themselves and as usual it all ended too soon.

* * * * *

Pette Alter is still burning up the rails between here and Washington. Are those wedding bells we hear atinklin'?

* * * * *

Frediani is slowly fighting his way southward, having been transferred to Camp Jackson, South Carolina. It's a tough fight but he expects to make Texas before the Armistice!

* * * * *

Usually the Officers' Poster calls for no comments. It appears once a month routinely and that's that. This month, however, it caused quite a rumpus. It seems that a certain 1st Lieutenant of the Air Corps (no names mentioned) was listed on said poster as "hurried", and this typographical error (it couldn't be anything else) has caused this Lieutenant no end of embarrassment and discomfort. The Lieutenant in question has even gone so far as to ask the Colonel to correct this faux pas by devoting a paragraph to its retraction in Special Orders. To date this has not appeared. Couldn't be that the Colonel doesn't believe you, could it, Lieutenant?

* * * * *

Ozie Wexler is back from Washington and happy he is to be home. He says you have to stand in line for everything in Washington - and he means everything!

* * * * *

Tilton had a WAC Captain visiting last week and she's one gal whose name the Colonel won't forget. Yes, her name was Turnbull. Ask Al O'Connor the question the Colonel put to him concerning this WAC. Was Al's face red!

* * * * *

Just have enough room to wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"DOC" DUCK



WHISPERS

PY S/SGT EDDIE JUDGE

It is with a deep feeling of regret that we said goodbye to Lt. Paul C. Shebby, Special Service Officer, who left us December 1st....Lt. Shebby had the ball rollin' with a vengeance during his short stay here, and as his orders came too suddenly for him to say goodbye to his many friends here, he asked me to do this for him, so here it is, in his own words, to all of you...."So long, and best of luck, 'White Boy'!".....

Just in case you'd like to know....The cute new addition to the Civilian Personnel Office is Kathleen Hendrickson.....More later.....

Ask John Frame to let you read that epic poem about hospital life....A laugh in every line!.....

Nice to see Mrs. Lucille McFarland back with us again after her sojourn as a patient here.....

Sid Goldstein has a corkin' gag about a guy who was trying to duck the eye test at induction.....Get him to tell it to you.....

A new high in something or other....Max Brookstein asked one of the Italian P.O.W.'s doing duty in the Mess Hall for another hamburger....The retort classical was, "Don't ya' know there's a war on?".....How do ya' like that!.....

That gleam in the dark of Barrack 9 is the new sparkler on the finger of "Diamond Jim" Polikoff.....

Charlotte Breiner has announced her engagement....Don't know the groom-to-be's name, but Charlotte says he's a brother of Manny Koffler's sister-in-law.....Complicated, isn't it?.....

Looking fine after parting with their appendix...Ronnie Rakauskas and Ann Croak.

Talk about "esprit de corps"....Gladys Buller returned from her pass a day early just to make sure the Mess Dept.'s part of the Detachment Party December 6th got started OK.....Many thanks, "Happybottom".....

The Detachment Party got off to a slow and late start on the evening of December 6th, but wound up as one of the best parties so far, with a new high in fun and gaiety.....We deeply regret that we couldn't invite the Annex crowd over, but we were a wee bit short of refreshments.....Next time, folks.....and here's a few..

BOKAYZ & BRIKBATZ

Tripping the "light and fantastic".....Pop Combs and Marie Keppel.....

Ken Sooca monopolizing every dance with a guest from the 1262 WAC, Bunny Kostrzewski by name, and veddy pretty too.....

Floyd Spencer arriving late but losing no time in making up for lost time.....

Wonder who that blonde WAVE guest was??.....

Rusty Yates building up a "quadruple-decker" sandwich.....

Ed O'Toole a welcome, but long-time-no-see visitor!.....

Bettie Young sporting a new "streak" of auburn in her hair.....and valiantly trying to puff a cigar on a dare.....

Ed Stoll making pilgrimages to the cold cut table.....

Margie Rihn very much in evidence on the dance floor.....

Larry Becker pulling a "Korman" with his camera as usual.....

Sid Lillienberg on pins and needles, but who could blame him?.....Sid's fur-lough started in a few days, and being a brand new Pop he was a little anxious to have the days go by.....

One of the high spots of the evening was the dance contests.....Capt. Miller, (without "The Whip") and Capt. Alter beamingly awarded 3-day passes to the winners as prizes....(Now I've seen everything!)....The jitterbug contest was won by Carl Reiss and "Vanilla".....The waltz by Pop Combs and Doris Hadley, and the Polka by John Bray and Marion Guyer....(Marion had arrived only an hour before the dance.....Nice goin', Marion!)

A welcome visitor, but not often enough.....Helen Turnbull.....

Either chilly, or hiding out the "Shape" under a coat draped over her shoulders.....Claire Kramer.....

Overheard....."Wonder how Capt. Alter looks with her hair down?".....

The Johnny Cloughers lovey-doveying even after three months of marriage.....

Ann Levinsky, of WAC Detachment 3, eating like a bird....A peck at a time!.....

Dancing with stardust in her eyes with her groom-to-be Johnny Jones.....
Dora "Rebel" Briscoe.....

What goes here?!!!.....Manny Koffler and Charlotte Breiner dancing together again!....(See paragraph 8 in this column).....

Capt. Alter started out dancing with Capt. Miller, but was "cut" away from the Capt. by Weldon Larey, Nick Gentile and Bill Haines.....Nice flankin' maneuver, fellers!.....

Rita Stilley didn't live up to the first part of her name.....What an active chick!!!.....

Hobart Merritt showed up.....We wondered where Hobe got to, and now we find he's been over at the Annex for the past couple of months.....

HITLER'S SURRENDER WON'T BE ENOUGH

By Sigrid Schultz

Noted foreign correspondent and commentator

Author of "Germany Will Try It Again"

.....

The day is nearing when German generals, big business barons and politicians will offer us Adolf Hitler's head in exchange for peace. When it comes, let us remember that other day in 1918 when these same German generals and big business barons chased the Kaiser into exile, to speed up peace with our victorious armies.

.....

We had every reason to be proud then. But today we know how the Germans tricked us out of the benefits of victory, and the world out of the benefits of peace. We know now that they only wanted a breathing spell to re-arm when they sacrificed the Kaiser for an armistice in 1918. We believed the Germans who said that the Kaiser had been the evil genius who had driven Germany into the First World War. We discovered that his military and business experts prepared a bigger and better war machine than the Kaiser ever had.

.....

Now, in 1944, the friends and propagandists of the Germans are trying to tell us that Hitler and his gang are the evil men who drove Germany into the present war. But we Americans who were on duty in Germany as correspondents know that the vast majority of Germans were behind Hitler when he launched his war.

.....

Why? Because we let the militarists of Germany fool us and those who wanted peace in Germany in 1918. We did it out of mistaken kindness. We tried to spare the feelings of the Germans in 1918 and didn't stage a victory parade in Berlin. Furthermore, the German masses had not really experienced war on their home soil. These two facts made it easy for the military leaders to convince their own countrymen that they had not lost the war and that one more effort would give them the victory that eluded them under the Kaiser.

.....

When Hitler was winning in World War II, Germans boasted to us about all the things they would do after they got their hands on the resources of Europe, Russia and America. They sneered at our love of peace and at our way of life, claiming that we would never be able to safeguard our freedom.

.....

Now the tide has changed. Millions in Germany are beginning to turn to the small minority that always resisted Hitler. This time we shall have our victory parade through Berlin to make sure that the masses know they lost the war.

.....

.....

Like a football team that learns from its mistakes, we must squarely face the errors we made after the last war. The Germans got a great deal of military training out of two World Wars. We must show that we learned a great deal about making peace. The surrender of Hitler would bring us closer to the end of the war, but we will not have the effective peace we want, until we have made it clear to all Germans first, that aggression does not pay, and second, that we know how to prevent it.

* * * * *

GREETINGS

From CAPTAIN DANIEL M. TOWNS, Medical Supply Officer:

"At this time when the whole world is torn apart by the most terrible war known to man and thousands dying and suffering as innocent women, children and the aged and more thousands are dying and suffering from battle scars that we here at home may enjoy and continue to enjoy the life of which we are so proud and the freedom which we enjoy; let us pause for a moment and offer a silent prayer for the hasty conclusion of hostilities and the safe return of our friends and loved ones to our midst and for their safekeeping and godspeed until their return. May they find some ray of sunshine in whatever clime they may be to help make the season merry for them in their spare moments away from battle duty...

.....
May all the returned patients in our midst have a very Merry Christmas, knowing that they have played a part in doing a hard job and doing it well. May their future years be bright and happy.

May all that is good be the happy lot of all at this season and during the coming year, and all the years following."

From CAPTAIN A. C. O'CONNOR, Personnel Officer:

"We again enter the Christmas season with the world in a state of war and conflict. A prayer is offered that by next Christmas we will have "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Mankind" as the prevailing condition.

The Season's Greetings to one and all!!!!

From CAPTAIN JOSEPH R. BROWN, Chief, Dental Service:

"As the Christmas Season draws near let the light in our hearts shine brighter, a gleam that will radiate to others the spirit of this wonderful season. But let us not forget our boys in the service who are dreaming of a White Christmas but fighting for what we all are praying, P-E-A-C-E.

Let us do our part by stopping, right now, and considering what we may contribute to make this a happier occasion. If each of us will have a word of praise or a pat on the shoulder for our neighbor or our fellow worker; that deed will pay dividends, if we all but knew it. Our boys in the fighting lines, I believe, know what it means to have a word of encouragement, so let us start today making a habit of this in order that we may be prepared to receive our boys when they return.

The entire Dental personnel joins me in extending the heartiest greetings of the Season to each of you at Tilton.

WACTUAL FACTS

By T/S Pearl Jackson

Herman Tjaden and Phyllis Flynn apparently have found each other. Among other things, they turned up together at the recent shin-dig over at the Annex Detachment (Barrack 6).....Said party was a howling success, made doubly so by the occasion of 1st Sgt. Jonak's birthday. The boys presented him with a pen and pencil set, and everyone oozed with sentimentality and Rupperts....Another party is in the offing after Christmas (quote the good Sgt.), and will surpass the first one, if possible.....Oh yes, thank you for your Christmas card, Joe. But it's just like you thought--they CENSORED it.....Hope you enjoyed your recent furlough in the Maine woods.....

Saddest thing to happen in ages at Tilton is the splitting of the Cramer twins, with Albert now languishing over at the Annex, and Leonard by his lonesome on this side. However, the boys manage to get together in the evening..... What in the world does Charlie Dalton pack in that barracks bag when he gets a three-day pass? Many a G.I. goes overseas with less equipment.....We wish to thank Hal Lessner for his assistance in the mimeographing of the last issue of Tilton Talk. Hal meant well, even though we had to consign most of his work to the scrap basket.....Shelley has a new rival in Murray Steckman, whose rhymes flow like Niagara from his talented pen.....Did anybody really believe that Marcey poked Biskup in the chin?.....

What sight more lovely than the Jack Cloughers sipping beer at the Fort Dix Hotel?.....Suggested title for a sensational mystery thriller - "The Mystery of the Missing Staff Car".....Who's this guy they call "General" who has Mary Thorp in a whirl?.....Our sympathies to Margie Rihn for the trying time she had of it during her first hitch as C.Q.....Lee Grow and Willie Warne shoot a mean game of pool. Strictly professional.....Have you heard diminutive Junie Lentz give forth with her pet expression: "Oh, my G.I. navel!".....Polly (Johnston) Chiafullo presented her handsome husband Newton with a case of measles. Was that nice, Polly?.....We are honoring Pop Combs demand that we omit his name from this issue or suffer dire consequences. Frankly, Pop doesn't scare anyone.....

We've made the unusual discovery that Lou Canevari spends his Sunday evenings prowling around the post in search of a roast beef sandwich.....Personal to T/Sgt Rels: Albert, doesn't it occur to you that Sgt. Larcy and Ruby Morse might like to be alone? It's one thing for you to spend the evening at their table at the Dix Hotel, but it's something else when it comes to seeing Ruby home. That's Sgt. Larcy's sphere of influence, old boy, and you mustn't tag along.....It's farewell to Clair Pie, one of the mainstays of Civilian Personnel. Clair has been with us at Tilton more than three years, and will be greatly missed by everyone. Her most recent assignment was in the Quartermaster Office, and before that she worked in the Dispensary, where she and Don Brown were a romantic item before Don left to attend Columbia.....

What does Cpl. Otto Sabin do on those weekends in New York to make him so sleepy that he naps straight through to Philadelphia?.....Our Marty Hochadel received a beautiful stand-up from a civilian gal who promised to meet him at the USO in Wrightstown. Come now, woman, you can't treat Marty that way. And we trust you've learned your lesson, Cpl Hochadel - viz: to date only khaki in the future.....Vanilla and Reiss make Astaire and Rogers look like a couple of ama-

(WActual Facts - Cont.)

tours.....And Captain Alter gave stiff competition to the best of the rug-cutters at the recent Detachment party. Nice having you there, Ma'am.....

"Lothario" Laman is more than mildly successful in offering extra-curriculum diversion to June Lentz.....We never saw much of Ken Myers, but now that he is living off the post, he's scarcer than ever in Tilton's social circles..... Seems like Mary Brophy mails at least one package every day to her husband overseas.....There are some mighty curious photographs in that Becker collection.... Loveliest spectacle of the week: Mary Brozek sitting up in bed at 6:15 A.M. making toy dogs for her small nephews.....Cpl. Ives really takes her basketball seriously.....Strong candidate for "Most Heartwarming Smile" title: S/Sgt Neal Collier.....When you hear the gals sigh, "Isn't it too bad he's married!", you may assume immediately that they're talking about S/Sgt John Sweeney, that Air Corps feller who assists Lt. Clark.....

Sorry there's no O.T. column this week, but Pfc Friedman is hospitalized.... Elma Fox's gift to Bill Sheehan this Christmas is a big teddy-bear. Things are running smoothly again for this romantic twosome, now that Bill seems to have overcome his fickle-hearted tendencies.....Leonard Lape is a stranger in these parts lately. Seems to have deserted us completely.....On D.S. at Governors Island is Golda Blumberg of the R.&D. Office.....Come over and see us more often please, Kitty O'Dea.....And a quick recovery to you at DeWitt GH, Mary Moins.....Anna Pimpinelli's proudest possession is the ring sent her by Tony. Ann met Tony while the 4th Division was at Dix, and love has been blooming ever since.....Latest fad to be adopted by Tilton's Wacs is the blonde "streak".....

Alice Newberg's romance with the New York civilian has reached serious proportions.....Never mind, Little, old girl. I like the way you tie your shoelaces.....Mariola is learning to live alone and like it, what with Haggie in the hospital.....Does anyone receive more interesting overseas packages than Louise Cannady?.....Edith Forte recently entertained a Waco in Barrack 6. Comparisons were interesting, weren't they?.....Jones and Gates remain inseparable... Have you invested a penny yet in Irene Junda's "Fishing Well"?.....Rennie Timer may spend her days in Ward 5, but her heart's in Texas.....Trudy Chenevert and Pearlle Matfield spent a night in the bridal suite of a New York hotel. 'Twas the only accommodation available, but what a pity to waste such a romantic atmosphere.....We hear that Elouise Bruder is working in a Finance Office in New Guinea, and sends her best to Tilton.....

Here's one for Eddie Judge, who makes a specialty of the "Retort Classical": Recently T/5 George Kupp (who walks away with the title "Tilton's Most Glamorous Ward Boy") was sauntering down the corridor, minding his own business, when he encountered little Rita Stillo pushing the library cart. George was about to ask Rita if the wagon contained a book he wanted, when our heroine shrieked (and you know how), "Get away from me. I don't talk to Co-Belligerents."

Best of luck to Sgt. Walt Wetherhead and Pfc Frederic Weber, our latest representatives at OCS. What puzzles us is how can the Orthopedic Shop exist without the capable services of Walt? And the loss of Walter will leave the Guard Force sadly lacking in glamour.....Now that Sgt. Claudia McGier has been put on the day shift at R.&D., she has discovered to her astonishment that Wacs aren't wearing Hobby hats any more. So Claudia has put hers in moth balls, and is sporting the overseas cap along with the rest of us.....Speaking of the night shift, have you noticed the beaming face of Bernice Coy since her Tony has been put on days? These two inseparables now find it possible to enjoy a normal social life, instead of stolen moments between shifts.....Mystery of the week: Which gay blade is known as "Adler Elevators"? (Hint: His initials are Marty Hochadel).....

(WActual Facts --Cont.).

To the countless gals who planted kisses upon the polished pate of Sgt. Augustus Wolfe at the Annex party,--he's married. Too bad!.....We've been informed that Cpl. John McGrath and Pfc Ed Bacon "go awollin' in Pemberton" quite regularly.....On December 14th we said good-bye to Sgt. Jane Perot, long the Supply Sgt. of Detachment #1, and staunch buddy of Sgt. Koppel. Jane's new assignment takes her to Grand Central Palace in New York City, where she's now in charge of the Dispensary. Hope you're happy there, Jane, and we'll do our best to console Kep.....June Lottridge, formerly of the Motor Pool, takes over the job of Supply Sgt., ably assisted by June Lentz.....

Hats off to Cpl. Joseph Aiello, late of Ward 7, and now at Reconditioning. Joe's the boy whose parachute didn't open--but you all read his story in the FORT DIX POST. Anyway, he has been Heaven's gift to the Public Relations Office, for he's a "natural" when it comes to public appearances at bond rallies and other patriotic affairs. Cpl. Aiello is always gracious and cooperative, and thinks nothing of inconveniencing himself several times a week in order to relate his unusual experiences at theatres and civic centers in neighboring towns and cities,--and a fine job he does!! Joe has been directly responsible for the sale of a goodly number of War Bonds--all this in addition to his excellent record as a paratrooper. A toast to you, soldier!

Ask Cpl Joe Zuer of Registrar's what he thinks of the pranksters who offered him Chiclets, and gave him instead some laxative gun.


RICE AND OLD SHOES DEPARTMENT

Cpl. Joe Ivory of the Dispensary wed Miss Marion Higgins of Jersey City on December 2nd. Joe is a comparatively new addition to Tilton, having served 29 months overseas as a first aid man in a medical half-track with the First Armored Division. He has eleven months of combat to his credit, during which he participated in eight major engagements, and was almost captured on three separate occasions. He's a modest fellow, but see if you can't get him to relate a few of his many harrowing experiences. Meantime, good luck and happiness to you, Joe, and to Marion.

Another happy pair -- Dora "Rebel" Briscoe and T/Sgt Johnny Jones, who tied the knot on December 15th. Dora's the little package of cheer and friendliness who works in Detachment Mess. Best wishes, you two. By the way, it's interesting to note that John Bray was the first to kiss the bride, followed closely by Joe Avella. Better luck next time, Joe.

It's good-bye to Pfc Claire Kramer of Headquarters, who has been transferred to an assignment in San Francisco.....another gal we'll miss is T/4 Theresa LeBlanc, who recently resumed her civilian status.....what with the old ones going and the new ones coming in in droves, it's practically impossible for an enterprising journalist to keep abreast with affairs.....

We've included as many Christmas messages as we could in this issue, and now I'd like to put in my two cents' worth, too--Thank you all for your cooperation (?) in making TILTON TALK possible, for your patience when we go to press five days late, for your encouragement when we took over as Editor, and for your understanding and support at all times. Have a nice Christmas,--and I hope with all my heart that the New Year will bring the end of the war and good old family life again. Meantime, thumbs up and Cheerio.



Merry Christmas from all of the staff of Red Cross -
Nurses, Aides, Motor Corps, and the Ladies in Gray,
Who come once a week to bring you good cheer -
As well as the girls who are here every day.

Recreation or Social Work, whatever we do,
Together our hearts and our voices we raise
To wish you the best of all possible cheer
And happiness bright for the gay Holidays.

To all of the staff of Tilton G. H.
From the C.O. right on to the men who wash dishes,
To the doctors and nurses, to medics and WACs,
We send Christmas greetings and very best wishes.

M.A.C.s, Dieticians, P.T., and O.T.,
Reconditioning and Special Services, too -
To the staff as a whole both civilian and army,
Merry Christmas and then Happy New Year to you!

And to all of the patients, some up, some in bed,
Our gayest and merriest greetings we say:
May the stars shine their brightest for each one of you,
And may Happiness come to you this Christmas Day!





KIDDIE PARTIES



Captain Martin J. Healy, Jr., Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Officers' Club, Tilton General Hospital, has announced that there will be a gala Christmas Kiddy Party at the Officers' Lounge on Friday, 22 December, at 1400 hours sharp.

All the officers and enlisted personnel of this Post are cordially invited with their children to attend the festivities. There will be games, entertainment, prizes, and Santa Claus.

All Officer Personnel planning to attend the party will notify the Chairman by informal note, giving the number, name and age of the children expected. Enlisted Personnel will submit similar information to their 1st Sergeant.

COME ONE, COME ALL!!

A letter from Major Frank G. Hartleroad, Chief, Special Services Branch, addressed to all military personnel of Fort Dix, living on or off the Post, and all civilian employees living on the Post, invites them to the Annual Children's Christmas Party on Saturday, 23 December 1944, at 1430 hours, in War Department Theater No. 5.

There will be a movie, singing, entertainment, presents and refreshments for everyone from one day old to sixteen years. Be sure to come and bring your kiddies. No adults will be admitted without children.

In order to prepare for the correct number and to provide appropriate presents for every child, Major Hartleroad requests that persons planning to attend the party inform the Post Theater Officer, Theater No. 5, the number of children they expect to bring, and their names and ages.

COME ONE, COME ALL!!

"Germany's cause today is the cause of civilized mankind. In no phase of this war have we proclaimed the same program of extermination and destruction as our enemies."

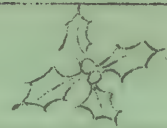
—Goebbels, in a recent speech

"If we do not go down in history as the greatest builders of empire, at least we shall be remembered as the mightiest of destroyers."

—General Keitel, Hitler's
former Chief of Staff

(GET TOGETHER, BOYS!)

Library Notes



THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS*

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.

The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Srew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.

Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honor and high surprise;
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost - how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings,
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome;
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

*THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS, by G. K. Chesterton, in Louis Untermeyer's
Modern British Poetry.

READ 'EM AND WEEL

Award for the toughest man in the outfit should go to S/Sgt Fetterman of Good old Pa. He can take a shower, as he often does, in temperature of 40.....It will be a sorry day when (Hospital Information) Petriken loses her inimitable sense of humor.....Catchy sayings heard around the hospital: The Surgical Bowling team is out for blood.....A dog that is pedigreed just sits up and looks pretty, but a mongrel has to work for a living.....where did T/5 Jackson (Post Office) ever get such a peisonality.....Sweet of Or fame had an addition to the family. She is quite proud of her little kitten....."Star Eyes" Rupp is as unconscious as ever these days. While he is enveloped in a veil of mist, the work just seems to revolve around him..... Silverstein ought to hire an interpreter. Then he wouldn't have to worry about speaking Italian.....

With the coming holiday season the Detachment is fairly humming with all sorts of preparations for the various departmental parties. Medical Supply is having their party this week, while the R&D Office is also having their party the same week.....Has Sgt. Perlman remedied that irritating squeaking shoe?.....what is in the wind between a Mike who owns a large Buick and a certain Margie at the garage?.....Playing an exceptional basketball game these days is Tilton Medical's Sgt. Hoover. He is plenty fast in cutting for the basket and a dead shot under the hoops, which accounts for the fine team showing.....After Tilton Surgical was leading the first half in their game with the Air Base team, they were only second best when the final gun sounded.....

While on the subject of basketball, the WAC Detachment #1 team lost a close game to WAC Detachment #3 after playing their best game of the season and leading up until the final two minutes.....this last few minutes jinx has been following the Tilton teams all season.....They say the sweetest gal in town is sweet Georgia Brown. Well, she isn't. It's Susie Brown.....Sgt. Yaeger still insists that he was scratched on the face by holly bushes. Come, come, Sgt., you can do better than that.....The roller skating parties of Medical Supply's gang are turning out to be quite an affair.....The trip down to Rockefeller's estate Thursday evening was a howling success. The dancing partners were very attractive and the entertainment was good, too.....

The Post Office discarded their scooter for a fleet of two and a half ten trucks to accommodate the swollen Christmas mail.....How much longer will Registrar Jack keep the First Air Force insignia on?.....Aside to Key Hayunga: Are you satisfied now?.....Who is that grounded flyer always seen in flying togs in the mess hall?.....A real lover of dogs is Feldman (Mess Accounts). He took such great delight in feeding the dog in the mess hall the other day that at first we thought it was the food, but later we were assured that he had a slew of canine pets before getting his defense job with Uncle Sammie.....Doc Riley, EKG operator, will soon be an authority on fits, spasms and convulsions. He and Cpl. Ives are a gruesome twosome, and appropriately enough they work together EKGing it.....You'll pardon me now. I'm going to drive a nail in the Atlantic Seaboard.....

We wish to congratulate the new Mrs. Alspach, the former Mary Thorp, on her recent marriage to the handsome sailor who has just returned to this country after being overseas for two years.....We hope the boys in the 86th get their wish and can get home. It has been nice having them with us.....The question is whether Joseph Rosoff will pay for the slight inconvenience caused when he opened the door on Lena's car on his way to school.....speaking of cars, Pfc

Brookstein will soon have his fire-trap on the road again, and this time able to move under its own power.....LaVerne Bromley of Sadie Hawkins fame is quite a dancer. She explains "Before the show I washed my legs and just couldn't do a thing with them".....you heard about the person who called Hospital Inflammation and asked to speak to Red.....ouch.....

Have you noticed the fuzz on Pvt (Patients Baggage) Goins's?.....Rumor has it that MDRP Manthorne wears those dark glasses to avoid bill collectors.....Pearl Jackson wishes to apologize for her faux pas about the new Mrs. Alspach. Let's get on the ball, Peil.....A stickler for military courtesy is Porkchop Birnbaum. Last week he was seen saluting an airplane because there was an officer in it.....Jack Clougher should just about own Barrack 9.....with his luck he's in the wrong business.....While on the subject of parties, the Registrar's Office has a get together planned also.....Never a dull moment around Tilton.

GREETINGS

From CAPTAIN JOHN J. CONLEY, Chief, EENT Section:

"The EENT Section is happy to extend a warm and sincere greeting to all of the personnel associated with Tilton General Hospital during this season of reflection and strong hope."

From CAPTAIN RUTH R. MILLER, Commanding Officer, Medical Detachment:

"The Medical Detachment of Tilton General Hospital, in this season of peace and brotherly love, sends its cordial greetings to the entire personnel of this installation, and the sincere wish that the coming year will bring Victory to our fighting forces and peace to every heart."

From 1st SERGEANT MARIE B. KEPPEL, WAC Detachment #1:

"WAC Detachment #1, now celebrating its second holiday season at Tilton General Hospital, sends its warmest greetings to TILTON TALK and to the hospital personnel. We are justly proud of our service here, and of our own contribution to the Victory which draws ever closer. Merry Christmas, and a bright New Year."

From M/SGT JOE JONAK, Acting 1st Sgt., Medical Detachment A:

"Another Christmas and with it may I also extend to every member of this command my heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas."

As the New Year dawns, I sincerely hope and pray that it showers us with the many good fortunes and health we want so dearly. Thanks a million for your grand cooperation. It has been a genuine pleasure being here and working with you."

G.I. Sidelights (C.N.S.)

NO CIGARS TO CIVILIANS, GIs GET THEM ALL - (New York) - Civilians will not be able to purchase boxes of Christmas cigars this year. The Cigar Institute of America reveals 91,000,000 cigars a month are now earmarked for the armed forces. Of these 51,000,000 go overseas, and 32,000,000 to Army post exchanges, ships' stores and other domestic military installations. (Ed. note: It's none of my business, but what happens to the other 8 million?)

SWEDES BEWILDERED BY JITTERBUG JOES - (Stockholm) - U.S. aviators interned in Sweden have introduced jitterbugging to Swedish girls.

"I assume," remarked a bystander after watching the gyrations, "that they get married afterwards."

FRENCH RESORTS BECOME REST CENTERS FOR GIs - (France) - As a form of reverse Lend-Lease, the French are opening their classiest resorts to battle-weary GIs as rest centers.

According to local sources, France is turning over resort hotels in the French Alps and on the Riviera to 24,000 Yanks. Hotel space in Paris is also being made available to war-weary soldiers.

WHAT! NO ROOM SERVICE? - (Washington) - The Navy's newest ALP barracks ship is the slickest job afloat. A "floating hotel", built to barrack 700 men, it includes a barber shop, a soda fountain, a hospital and a post office.


DOES HE CHEW GUM? - (Ft. Benning, Ga.) - Cpl. George Keisling, 4th Infantry, plans to retire soon, after 30 years in the Army without a day off. He has never missed a company formation or meal and does not smoke, drink or swear.

INDIAN BECOMES WAC - (Albuquerque, N.M.) - Mrs. Lucy Candelaria, 45-year-old Apache Indian has donned the war paint of the WAC. She's joined the Army's women's branch in order to hasten the return home of her 24-year-old son, serving overseas.

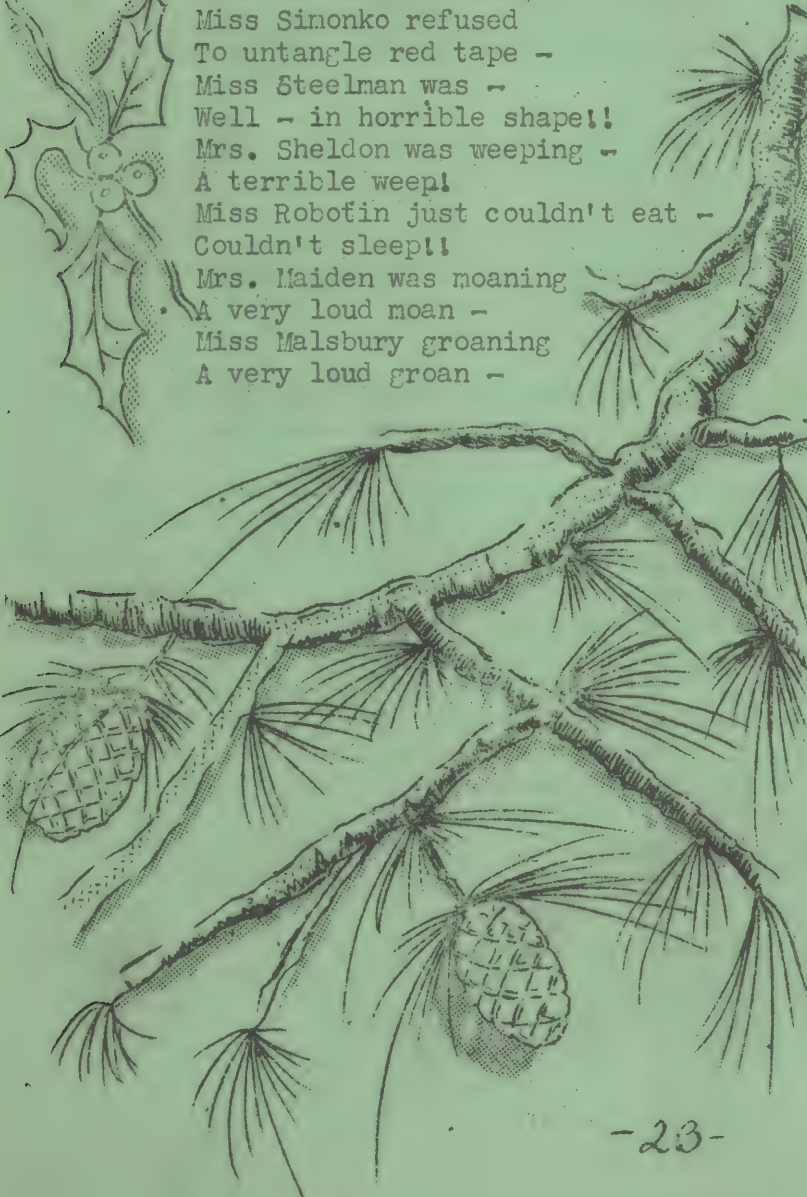
'THIS IS THE ARMY' EARNS \$7,000,000 - (Washington) - General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, was presented with the 7,000,000th dollar bill raised through showing of the film "This Is The Army" by Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers Pictures. Paid admissions total nearly 35,000,000.

COMBAT SCENE (France) - A major and a captain stood on the battlefield with their backs to the enemy, talking about something. T/Sgt. Horace H. Drew, Millins, South Carolina, saw a German drawing a bead on them. Drew killed the German. The officers went on talking. (Editorial query again: Were they smoking Murads or are they affected by the cigarette shortage, too?)

CIVILIAN CHATTER



'Twas the day before Xmas -
(Or maybe the week)
And the Personnel Office
Was morbid and bleak!!!
'Twas so sad that Miss Brennan
And Mrs. Frey
Sought a nice cozy spot
Where they really could cry!!
Mrs. DiManno
And Miss Pie
Were wringing their hands
In a heartrending way!!
The Misses Popodines,
Golden and Stiles
Couldn't type on their typewriters -
File on their files!!
Miss Simonko refused
To untangle red tape -
Miss Steelman was -
Well - in horrible shape!!
Mrs. Sheldon was weeping -
A terrible weep!
Miss Robotin just couldn't eat -
Couldn't sleep!!
Mrs. Maiden was moaning
A very loud moan -
Miss Malsbury groaning
A very loud groan -



Miss Ryan was racking
Her rackable brain!!
To whip the whole force
Into shape once again!!!
And what was the cause
Of this moanin', this cryin'
The C. Personnel
Was honestly tryin'
To send out a Memo
To Tilton Civilians
(Natch, they had sent out
Billions of billions)
But this one was special -
No orders - no warnings -
And no ultimatums!!
(For this they were mourning)
No "Don't do this"
And "You CAN'T do that"
But who could write Memos
With no ultimatums????
Well at last
They managed to find a way -
They'd send out a card
And on it they'd say
"This is to bring you
The Season's Cheer
We wish you the
Happiest Happy New Year;
We wish you a merry -
A joyous Noel!!!
Sincerely,
Civilian Personnel"

ANNEX ALLEYS COMPANY

BY PFC. SALOME STONE and PFC. ANN RIZZARDI

VARIATIONS ON A THEME FROM T/5 JACKSON

After Editor T/5 Jackson's tirade on how to write a column (vide "Tilton Talk", December 1, Vol. 4, No. 22), we hesitate to tender our humble contributions to the literati of "Tilton Talk". However, we venture forth on the premise that T/5 Jackson is of an understanding nature and that her famous formula can be applicable even in our case, that is, with a few reservations. To wit:

1. We have no office; we have no dash.
2. Our G.I. bunk holds little semblance to the dignity of a well constructed, solidly foundationed oaken escriptorio.
3. Ingrained with the Army's deep and abiding sense of "hurry up and wait", we no longer glance frantically—not even at clocks. (We are confirmed G.I.'s; only whistles can startle us into consciousness.)
4. The hour is late, outside there is the gentle lopping of rain, and Morpheus beckons.
5. Even a little recourse to invective is denied us, being deeply imbued with the Quakerishness of Philly and environs.
6. In short, all the elements are again us. We sigh and commiserate for the lack of Jackson's verbal fecundity. Would she were here to inspire.

But the time has come to talk of many things. We turn to the stars for inspiration and submit a consultation request and report for an horoscopy (in quadruplicate).

First of all there's our Christmas party—to be held December 22 in our newly decorated date room (grapes, venetian blinds and all). We're also requisitioning a set of reindeer to greet Captain Belk at the station. He's our CO's better half and has promised to play Santa Claus during his sojourn here.

Then there will be more basketball games. Already we've played the 1262nd Headquarters Wacs—to our sorrow. But the girls learned a lot of new pointers. Besides, they are being cheered by the arrival of new green uniforms. Captain of the team is T/4 Miller with Pfc Jamison as alternate. The group is being coached by T/4 Hines—and "is she tough!"

1st Sgt. Bray is captaining the newly formed bowling team. The alleys in the 1260th area have been opened for Wacs on Thursday evenings. High scores for the first meet were made by Eiles and Konietzko, low score (of 13) by U GES HOO. Thirteen is such a lucky number. (Technically this approach is known as the "solving a conflict by the compensatory method" type of approach.) Slow and easy does it!!

Speaking of approaches, have you heard of the Leap Year approach? It was tried with great success at the Sadie Hawkins Dance held November 28 by the Company Wacs. Techniques used were sketches of Sadie Hawkins herself, Lil Abner, and the parson done by T/4 Birmeli, Pvt. Junior of the Air Corps, and Pfc Gibson. Horoscopes were offered by Pfc McKinstry. Guests of the girls were the Air Corps men who did full justice to the excellent cuisine (approach No. 3) prepared by the WAC refreshment committee.

Included in this year's horoscopy, we mustn't neglect to mention the future of our company poetess, Pvt. Myrtle Helen Lentz, not to be confused with poetess June Lentz of Tilton Co. 1. Pvt. Myrtle Lentz hails from White Lake, S.D., which is a long way off and at which never fails to inspire her with the grandeur of what she calls her West.

Pvt. Lentz is an expert horsewoman, one of the very few genuine ones. In fact she is a real cowgirl. Her dad owns a trifling string of two hundred horses. Like Horace Greeley, she advises "Go West, young man, go West." She is quite convincing and to prove her point we submit:

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter;
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where the friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching;
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

* * * * *

BARRACKS BRIEFS

Furloughs and Folders—Judging from the literature on hand, a number of our girls are contemplating southern vacations. Along with the birds and the bees, etc., etc., and Florida bound are Sgts. Zorn, Sutherland, T/5 Dendor, and Pfc Docley. Happily for the C.I. Josephines, they can still drift and dream—via folders at least.

Then there are those who drift and dream via Java. Almost any evening the three barracks stand-bys, Hines, Knott and Kerzic are seen draped about an oversized vacuum bottle—sipping steaming cups of black coffee. Need a lift? We refer you to Room 5, Barracks 13, request in triplicate, please. And by the way Pvt. Kerzic can be reached at any time. On week ends call New York. Yes, there exists an added attraction.

Map Reading—Just to recall basic days and those brain wracking problems on azimuth, take out a map and look for the Upper Peninsula of Michigan (not the upper part of Lower Michigan). Glad to see two real denizens of God's Country—Sgt Corcoran and Pfc Cassan. Ask them about 40 below zero weather, blizzards, and real Paul Bunyan yarns. No, we didn't mention anything about isobars or isotherms.

Pastimes—Some people find night duty unbearable. Pvt. Beulah Johnson believes in doing something constructive. Knitting expedition is a large tablecloth which she is crocheting for Pfc Dunn. Everyone in the company is familiar with "Grandma Johnson's handiwork (and she is a real grandmother)". Our date room has several of her crocheted pieces—they add the homelike touch.

Now Lt. Bell prefers the more exerting type of pastime. The other day we found her clad in PT's, paint brush in hand, diligently whacking paint about her room. Of course the 1st Sgt. supervised at a distance, looking demurely on, in Class A uniform. Noblesse oblige!

Happy Wacs—for some reason or other Pfc Manock is sporting a great big smile. Could it be?

Pvt. Whitacre has reason to be more than happy. On each month's anniversary of her wedding her husband (now with the fighting forces in Europe) sends her a gift. Already she has a collection of French perfumes and silverware. That's devotion!

Pvt. Boles is enthralled with her newly issued overcoat. At last she's found one that fits. Now she spends those rare moments over a steaming iron. What fools these mortals be!

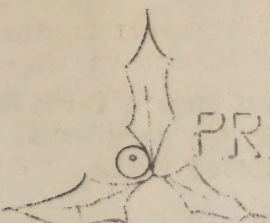
T/5 Jeannette Fajhi enacts the happy father scene on Christmas morning. Before she mailed her chemistry set to an expectant nephew, she examined each part of the apparatus, read all the directions, and carefully repacked each piece. Someone please send her a dolly (with a hole in her stocking), or that "cousin" over in the European Theatre.

Ever notice the watch Helen Kurinski wears? It was presented to her by grateful patients on her ward.

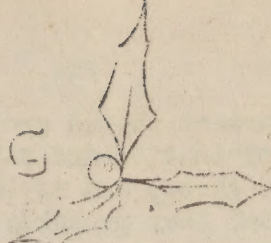
Dernier Cri, or a Wac's Prayer—May the rain that pours tonight continue till morn, that we may have reveille indoors. (Yes, we still have reveille drill).

Recapitulation on a Theme from T/5 Jackson:

1. Jackson's formula has succeeded—with reservations and modifications.
2. Time does fly.
3. And now I lay me down to sleep!



PRACTICALLY ANYTHING



The long-awaited leave finally happened, and the loudly-announced declaration I had made previously that once I got home I was never going to get up before ten o'clock really came true, except not the way I had hoped. Yours very humbly went home to Chicago and got herself a case of that very fashionable disease "an upper respiratory infection" and spent altogether too much time in bed, and the only time I went out was for very important and very special matters. On one of those occasions I was making my weary way through the tunnel which leads from the Illinois Central train to the street and noticed an interesting change which had taken place due to the war and its accompanying manpower shortage.

Regularly, every year during December, the Salvation Army sets up a red bucket for collections in this underground passage, and near it have always stood three Salvation Army men who sang carols in a very pleasing manner. Whenever anyone dropped a contribution into the bucket the carolers stopped short, bowed from the waist, cheerily called "Thank you" and picked up their song, all without any of them missing a note. For a long time the trio were a pleasant highlight of the Christmas rush, but this year they are no longer there. In their place stands a record-playing machine, an automatic one at that,

The "manpower shortage" as an excuse, has been worn practically threadbare, but occasionally its very incongruity is good for at least a smile. It was offered to me as an explanation, recently, when I went into two bakeries in Trenton looking for "bagel". (Explanation to the uninitiated: "bagel" look like simonized doughnuts, and actually are very hard rolls which are wonderful with butter, cream cheese, smoked salmon or anything else, and are to be eaten only by those who have strong teeth.) In both bakeries I was told there would be no more bagel until after the war. I must have looked somewhat blank since I knew of nothing that went into the making of them which is particularly difficult to get, and the straightfaced explanation I got was manpower shortage. I was so amazed I didn't even stop to ask whether bread, soft rolls and pastry are made by remote control and hence are not subject to the same shortage.

The matter of food brings back the sad case of a soldier called "Wheaties." He was a robust chap, with pink cheeks and bulging biceps, and because of his well-displayed health the hostesses at the local USO where he spent a good bit of his free time gave him that nickname. He was a soldier dear to their hearts, and when he suddenly stopped coming in they felt the loss so sharply that when his buddy walked in one night they pounced on him for news of their absent friend.

Wheaties, the buddy explained, had changed quite a bit. "Yes," he said, "he's feeling pretty bad. Why he just lost 116 pounds." The USO practically vibrated with gasps as each of the girls envisioned Wheaties lying alone, hollow-chested and sallow.....when his friend continued solemnly, "Yeah. Tough. 116 pounds. And she was a red-head, too."

Nursery rhymes are generally considered "kid stuff", but if you have a fertile imagination and a few spare moments you can modernize them and get gems equal to these, and maybe even better, too. These I found in the Baxter Bugle, (and they probably snatched them from elsewhere).

Hickory, dickory, dock
Two mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one, and
The other came down uninjured.

Rub a dub dub
Three men in a tub ———
Gosh darn these small hotels.

Goosey, goosey, gander
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs — down stairs,
Oh! My aching back!

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth I know not where.
I lost more d... arrows that way.

A fresh-in-the-Army recruit was the victim of so many practical jokes that he began to doubt the motives of all the men. One night, while on guard duty, the figure of one of the officers loomed out of the darkness. "Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Captain Moses," replied the officer. The soldier scented a joke. "Glad to meet you, Moses," he said cheerfully. "Advance and give the Ten Commandments."

This week's consolation prize for good-nature goes to T/5 Pearl Jackson, whose romantic nature takes a terrific kidding from everyone on Warehouse 5. We do it only because we love you, Pearl, and because we figure you probably like it, too.

Just to prove that in times of shortage money doesn't count, thieves broke into a grocery store in Philadelphia and took 5 cartons of cigarettes, a 23-pound turkey, a 5-pound ham and 60 pounds of butter. (Probably the grocer's stock for the week). They didn't even touch the contents of the cash register..

This shortage of cigarettes, which is something you read about in the papers while you're in camp and don't really appreciate until you get to a city, served some purpose for a harassed motorman recently when his passengers refused to move back and just stood up in front blocking the entrance. He pleaded and cajoled. "Plenty of room in the back," and "move to the back of the car, please," but still the people stood. Then suddenly he shouted, "All right, folks, there's a cigarette machine in the rear," and three persons got smashed toes in the rush.

